

Plastic Little "Hi Bitches"

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P-L-A-S-T-I-C L-I-T-T-L-E (x4)
(Sound confused)

It's p a c k o f r a t s
Yep yo it's packofrats rappin on the intro and I'm joe
camel cool when I'm at the jam minglin my dingaling's
long like Arsenio's fingerin
J. Lo's uterus
Mr. drizhollerin, and I'm hollerin at your motherfuckin
mom and em,
At your dance party yo I'm bathrobe pimpin,
And I still get the digits and escape wit yo bitch

Forget it dude I wasn't tryin hard,
Babygirl think I'm a big rap star
Honey did think that my pocket's large
But um, no bitch, I'm broke as fuck
I still do shows and I still get fucked
Like that time in NY yo I came in the limo with co co
And with pink fittow, word is bond yo dat's my kiddo
For shit o sho
I took the steps to hit the top floor and when I got there
homie
Guess who I saw
(Who?)

Shane, the cocaine sniffing hipster,
Doesn't know the meaning of sober nor work
I need cool cred, hurry up shane,
He pulled out an issue of vice magazine
Just read this from page to pager
Then you'll be a major player
Get some girl to suck you off in an elevator

Fellas, grab your big old dicks
Ladies rub your wet ass clits
Put em together 'cause that's the shit
And yo, this is another rap hit.

Fellas, grab your big old dicks
Ladies rub your wet ass clits
Put em together 'cause that's the shit

And yo, this is another rap hit.

Oh my god is that Johnthousand?
I heard he's gay.
No, I heard Johnthousand swings both ways.
Well, Johnthousand, whatcha gotta say?

Naw, dog, I'm abstinent,
If I ever fucked a dude it was accidental
And probably all about the dollar bill
Yo you know how me and money feel
About each other
Bread and butter
Ugly bitch?
Cut her up a bone in rubber
Home for supper
Mama never even know I left

Yo You boys is crazy,
We'll make you shoot your baby
We'll make Chewbacca run down the block and put a
glock inside yo mamma

Yo
Everybody's smokin crack
Kurt, gimme somma dat
Homie how'd you get so black?
Holla at them

Yo this goes out to the haters who act like they
confused
Fuck you all day fuck you all night,
We don't love you hoes

It's nobodys child or nbc, niggas in the crowd all envy
me,
You need to chill out, 'cause you can't beat
Those Plastic Little boys
Oh wow, you can freestyle
Rap, for days, so amazed
The bottom line is boy, you ain't on the stage, you ain't
getting paid

Now, you wanna save hip hop?
Yo, pick up a tin cup, start to front, get on the corner
See if you could rap yourself up a buck
See if I give a fuck (I don't)
About this hip hop shit
Yo, I'm just in it for me
To be in the club, drinkin for free

P-L-A-S-T-I-C L-I-T-T-L-E (x4)
(Sound confused)

(X2)
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